

A Fine Double-page Portrait of Acting Rear-Admiral Sampson is included in this issue.

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# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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A BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO.

MISS COLUMBIA—"MUCH OBLIGED, JOHN, BUT I DON'T CARE TO RIDE ON THE BACK SEAT."

## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

Judge Building, No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

JUNE 2, 1898.

## TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS:

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SPECIAL WAR RATE: One Dollar to October 1st, to all new subscribers who remit before June 1st.

## SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY desires to be in communication with representative newspaper men in every part of the United States and of the world, those who would be willing to furnish special information regarding matters of special interest in their respective localities whenever it might be required. The editor will be glad to receive communications on this subject from responsible persons.

## Prizes for War Pictures by Amateurs.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY offers prizes aggregating \$100—\$50 to the first; \$25 to the second; \$10 each to the third and fourth; and \$5 to the fifth, for the best pictures taken by amateurs, of scenes, on land or sea, connected with the present war excitement. All are eligible. Send in your pictures. Prizes will be awarded on pictures received before August 1st, or as soon as the war closes, if it closes before that date. Address LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

## William Ewart Gladstone.

A GIANT figure looming above all other men of his time was he whose life went out the other day at Hawarden Castle. A greater and a nobler force has never entered the sphere of human activity in all our Christian centuries than William Ewart Gladstone. He stood for all the best things in modern civilization, for humanity, peace, toleration, equal rights, and religious faith. For these things he lived and labored for sixty fruitful and glorious years. For what he achieved in these lines of effort he will be remembered and revered as long as civilization endures.

If Gladstone failed at any point in his public policies it was generally because his virtues held him back from certain lines of action which less conscientious men would not have hesitated to adopt for the accomplishment of their purposes. There was one thing that was always more dear to him than any success which statecraft or diplomatic art might bring, and that was the approval of his own conscience. It was at this point that he differed most widely from his great contemporary, Bismarck. For the unity and glory of Germany Bismarck counted no sacrifice too great, not even the blood and ashes of long and desolating wars. Gladstone was not a man of blood and iron, but a man of brains and heart, and not even for the love of England—and no man ever loved it more—would he do violence to the faith he professed, and needlessly bring sorrow and suffering to any human being. To the intellect of a master-mind, to the power of a transcendent genius, there was wedded the grace and tenderness of a woman. It was because of this that he came to be not only revered but loved the world over.

Were Gladstone still a living presence we cannot doubt where his sympathies would be in our conflict with Spain. He would be now, as always, on the side of justice and humanity. It would be as impossible for him to sanction the deeds of a Weyler as it was for him to approve the deeds of the Bash-Bazouks in Bulgaria or the Kurds in Armenia. He never failed to espouse the cause of the weak and oppressed, and he would not fail now. We may well believe, also, that the movement for a closer union between England and America would have had in him an eloquent and powerful advocate.

When the history of the nineteenth century is written no name will shine out more radiantly than that of him who was four times Prime Minister of England, and who for half the century, more than any other man, controlled the policy and shaped the destiny of the British nation. To write of all he did in those years of tireless and unremitting labor would be to tell the story of the world's progress for the same period in almost every department of human thought and effort. Gladstone was great in many things, but greatest of all as a type of the purest and loftiest manhood our age has produced.

## Admiral William T. Sampson.

MANY events in the past few weeks have gone to show that our government acted wisely when it raised Captain W. T. Sampson to the rank of rear admiral and gave him supreme command of our naval forces in Cuban waters. In all the operations of the fleet thus far Admiral Sampson has acted the part of a brave, discreet, and thoroughly capable commander. He has been tried and not found wanting in any particular. Some hasty and ill-advised criticism was visited upon him because of his action in the bombardment of San Juan, but later details of that affair have fully vindicated his course, if it needed vindication. Whatever line of naval policy may be adopted in the present war, the American people

## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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may feel confident that with such men as Sampson, Dewey, and Schley in command on the scene of action, our forces will have all the advantage coming from energetic, experienced, and skillful leadership.

## Dewey in Manila Bay.

He took a thousand islands and he didn't lose a man—  
(Raise your heads and cheer him as he goes!)  
He licked the sneaky Spaniard till the fellow cut and ran,  
For fighting's part of what a Yankee knows.

He fought 'em and he licked 'em, and he didn't give a d—  
(It was only his profession for to win),  
He sank their boats beneath 'em, and he spared 'em as they swam,  
And then he sent his ambulances in.

He had no word to cheer him and he had no bands to play,  
He had no crowds to make his duty brave;  
But he risked the deep torpedoes at the breaking of the day,  
For he knew he had our self-respect to save.

He flew the angry signal crying justice for the *Maine*,  
He flew it from his flag-ship as he fought.  
He drove the tardy vengeance in the very teeth of Spain,  
And he did it just because he thought he ought.

He busted up their batteries and sank eleven ships  
(He knew what he was doing every bit);  
He set the Maximas going like a hundred cracking whips,  
And every shot that crackled was a hit.

He broke 'em and he drove 'em, and he didn't care at all,  
He only liked to do as he was bid,  
He crumpled up their squadron and their batteries and all,  
He knew he had to lick 'em, and he did.

And when the thing was finished and they flew the frightened flag,  
He slung his guns and sent his foot ashore,  
And he gathered in their wounded, and he quite forgot to brag,  
For he thought he did his duty, nothing more.

Oh, he took a thousand islands and he didn't lose a man—  
(Raise your heads and cheer him as he goes!)  
He licked the sneaky Spaniard till the fellow cut and ran,  
For fighting's part of what a Yankee knows!

R. V. RISLEY,

*Author of "The Sentimental Vikings."*

## What Spain May Have to Pay Us.

GERMANY's immense requisition on France in the conflict of 1870-71 set a fashion in the collection of a war indemnity by the victor nation from the vanquished which probably often will be followed in the future. Japan, in her conflict with China in 1894, followed Germany's example, and has just collected—on May 7th, 1898—the last installment of the fine which she levied.

Will the United States compel Spain to foot the bill for this country's expenditures in the present war? Possibly she will in some form, though the payment may not be entirely, or even chiefly, in money. The payment may be largely in the shape of a cession of territory. But in no case will the indemnity be anywhere near as large as that which Germany exacted of France, which was \$1,000,000,000. It may not be greater than was the fine that Japan inflicted on China, which amounted to about \$175,000,000.

There are at least two reasons why we will not bring against Spain such a bill of damages as Germany did against her beaten enemy of a quarter of a century ago: Spain is not half as populous or a fifth as wealthy as France was in 1870-71, and the war expenditure of the United States will be very much smaller than Germany's was. This idea, of course, is based on the presumption that Spain will give up the fight some time within the next three or four months.

Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands we are certain to have in our hands at the close of the war, and these cannot form any part of the indemnity which Spain may have to pay us. We have disclaimed any intention to annex Cuba in this war, but we are under no restraint whatever as regards the acquisition of any other territory which Spain had when the war began. If, moreover, the Cubans ask for annexation at the end of the war, we can gratify them without being open to the imputation of a breach of faith. These islands—Porto Rico, the Philippines, and, to a certain degree, Cuba—we will hold by right of conquest, and Spain cannot count them for any part of the indemnity which we may exact from her.

But Spain has other outlying territory. She has the Canary Islands and other fragments of territory in European waters; the Carolines and other islands in Asia, and some small colonies in Africa. Some of these she may be forced to give up to us as part or all of the indemnity which she may be called upon to pay. Some or all of this territory may be held as security for a money payment, as in the cases mentioned of Germany and Japan, and be returned to Spain after the cash is provided.

If the territory comes to us outright in lieu of a money payment we can sell some or all of it to one or the other of the great nations, providing we do not want to retain it permanently, and probably we will not want to hold much of it. Or we can exchange it with England or some other nation for territory nearer our shores, or which we may deem to be more desirable.

There are many ways in which we can legitimately make the war which Spain forced upon us pay its own bills. Unlike the case of the Civil War, the drain which the present conflict makes upon our resources can quickly be removed. This is a large question, and it will soon claim the earnest attention of the United States.

## The Truth about England.

THE ruling sentiment of the English people at this crisis in our history found unexpected and vigorous expression in Mr. Chamberlain's recent speech at Birmingham, when he said that, "Terrible as war may be, even war itself would be cheaply purchased if in a great and noble cause the stars and stripes and the union jack should wave together over an Anglo-Saxon alliance." It was the English Secretary of State for the Colonies who made this utterance which startled all of Europe—a fact that adds immensely to its weight and significance.

For many years an active propaganda has existed in this

country, made up of a certain class of aliens and professional politicians, having for its object the creation of anti-English sentiment among the American people. These efforts have succeeded to an extent hardly realized. How strong the feeling thus created has become was shown in a conspicuous way at the time of the Venezuela difficulty.

Now we are learning what has been the truth all the time—that there is actually no foundation for the notion that the English people cherish feelings of envy and hatred toward us. In these days of trial they are proving themselves to be, indeed, the only real friends we have in Europe. While the press of Paris, Berlin, and Vienna is snarling and threatening because of our conduct toward Spain, the leading organs of public opinion in the British Isles are freely expressing their sympathy for us and their hopes for our success.

This state of things is already having its natural and proper result in a revulsion of feeling in this country toward England. The eyes of many are being opened. They are learning how false and hollow some professions of friendship prove to be when they are brought in touch with selfish interests, race prejudices, and old animosities. They are learning also what ingratitude may reside in the breasts of some who have drawn their chief support from this country for years for various kinds of warfare upon the English government.

The Anglo-Saxon race is, and ought to be now and forevermore, a great and glorious solidarity for all that makes for the highest civilization and the noblest destinies of mankind. If the conflict now in progress helps to establish this great truth beyond revocation or dispute in the eyes of all the world, this alone will be worth all the sacrifices that the war may bring upon us.

**POSTMASTERS** will find it to their advantage to receive subscriptions for LESLIE'S WEEKLY, with its pictorial history of the war, at the rate of \$1 till October 1st, 1898. For details and special commissions, address LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

## The Plain Truth.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY has shown its enterprise by publishing admirable articles and pictures relating to the American-Spanish war. Only great enterprise and skill could have gathered so much good material in so short a time. The WEEKLY has a strong corps of special artists and writers in the field and on the sea.—*Rochester Union and Advertiser*.

According to advices from New Orleans, a trained nurse of that city has just been presented with \$40,000 by a wealthy patient whom she had nursed back to good health. If this is not true it ought to be. No class of professional women in the country rank higher in public esteem, and deservedly so, than trained nurses, and they richly merit all the good fortune that may come their way. For that matter, the practice among wealthy people of remembering faithful servitors of every degree by bequests, and in other ways, ought to be more common than it is.

A telegram reports that W. J. Bryan, the former Presidential candidate, recently wrote to a friend in Wichita, Kansas, asking the latter's advice as to whether Mr. Bryan should offer his services to his country in the capacity of a private soldier. Mr. Bryan has kept himself pretty freely before the public ever since he was struck by political lightning at the Chicago Democratic National Convention, and even his friends have questioned whether this policy has been conducive to his best interests. Men in all walks of life are volunteering on their own judgment and advice. If Mr. Bryan wants to serve his country at the front there is only one man with whom he need advise, and that is himself.

Beware of the "century run"! This is the advice of an eminent army physician. He cites the fact that among the national guard who enlisted from New York State, were many well-known bicycle-riders, and that when they were subjected to medical examination at camp, more than a dozen of the most expert riders were rejected because their heart-action was not healthful. A New York physician attributes the sudden decline of a well-known society young woman, whom he has sent South for relief from lung trouble, to over-exertion in making "century runs." The bicycle is a useful and harmless source of recreation, but the "century" rider makes it an instrument of torture and death.

"Then they retired and took breakfast," was the expressive phrase occurring in the press dispatches describing the action of Commodore Dewey and his men after their first attack on the Spanish fleet on the morning of May 1st. The words tell as nothing else could of the coolness and deliberation which characterized the conduct of the American forces on that fateful day. They went about the business of the morning as sensible and practical men should always go who have fixed plans to follow and definite aims to accomplish. By way of an appetizer they sailed in and wiped out the greater part of the Spanish fleet. "Then they retired and took breakfast." After that they returned to the scene of action and finished up the job. Regularity at meals is a good rule to observe, even when you are bombarding an enemy.

The action of the United States Senate in passing the bill removing the disabilities of Confederate veterans imposed by the Fourteenth Amendment was eminently wise and appropriate to the times. In nearly all cases these disabilities have been removed by special acts of Congress, but the Senate bill applies to all who were disqualified from holding public office by reason of participation in the Rebellion. Sectional feeling between the North and the South has been rapidly dying out for several years, and the present war, thank God, has given it the finishing stroke. With such brave Confederates as Generals Lee and Wheeler among the leaders of our volunteer army, and with thousands of old Southern soldiers in the ranks, we have left the past all behind and are one and inseparable again, in name, in truth, and in deed. The House should pass the bill at once, that it may become a law without delay.

## PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

— A tried and true soldier and a valuable ally the leaders of our forces in Cuba will find in Colonel Fernando Mendez, who sailed from Key West recently in command of two companies of Cubans for active service in the enemy's country. Colonel Mendez is a veteran in the insurgent forces on the island. He is a native of Pinar del Rio, and for forty-three years has been developing a lusty hatred of the race that has brought so many woes upon Cuba, and whose rule he will now have the pleasure of helping to terminate. He has already done not a little in that direction, for he served under José Martí, the patriot chief, and has successfully piloted no less than six of the largest expeditions that he has sailed from the United States to the aid of the insurgents. About a year ago, being unable to leave the island in any other way, he disguised himself as a Spaniard and took a regular steamer from Havana for Tampa, where he organized another expedition.

COLONEL FERNANDO MENDEZ.

— It is not pleasant to be spoken of in the past tense, especially when it comes about because you have been brought down suddenly and against your own will from a high official position.

But such is the fate that has overtaken Señor Primo de Rivera, late Governor of the Philippine Islands. Thanks to Admiral Dewey, this Spanish gentleman is now among the "has beens." Señor Rivera is a member of one of the oldest and noblest families of Spain, his lineage going back to the old Castilian nobility. He is highly educated, and, had it not been for certain defects of race and training, might have been very acceptable and successful as Governor of the Philippines. But whatever may have been his desires, he had neither the independence nor the force of character to break loose from the selfish, tyrannical, and short-sighted policy which has characterized all of Spain's dealings with her colonies. It may be said that Señor Rivera was a great improvement over his predecessor in the Philippines, General Weyler, but that is a doubtful compliment.

— For more than a year unusual activity has been manifested in the American export tobacco trade, so much so that the Department of Agriculture has issued a circular letter, asking for articles by experts upon the following three subjects:

1. Methods of Cultivation;
2. Export Tobaccos of Kentucky and Tennessee;
3. The Marketing of Tobacco.

There has been some change lately in the marketing of what is known to the trade as "darks" or "Westerns," especially the "regie" types. Until last year the governments of Europe letting the several regie contracts have dealt indirectly through New York houses. But the Italian commissioners have this season traded directly with a Western broker, whose rise in the financial and commercial world has been phenomenal. E. C. Morrow, of Clarksville, Tennessee, enjoys the distinction of being considered the shrewdest and luckiest manipulator of tobacco in America. Through his planning, Clarksville has become the centre of operations for the Italian government. Messrs. Louis Lazari, vice-director of the Italian finance department, and Joseph Ferigo, commissioner of the government, visited E. C. Morrow & Brother in person last November, and contracted with them for the Italian regie this year. Usually this contract is let to the highest bidder about the first of June; but Morrow & Brother took snap judgment on the remainder of the trade, and secured the award nearly seven months before the customary time. Not many years ago Mr. Morrow was a small dealer in loose tobacco, selling his purchases on the local "breaks" at Clarksville; but now his transactions cover the entire dark belt of Tennessee and Kentucky, and amount to many millions of pounds. He is about thirty-five years old and very popular with the trade. His unostentatious charities have endeared him to the unfortunate poor. The accompanying snap is of a characteristic pose, and shows the brilliant young operator eating an apple during the tobacco sales. A bright future lies before this modest yet capable business man.

— One of the oldest surviving members of Congress is the Hon. J. H. Rice, who represented a Maine District during the



Civil War. He was the close friend of President Lincoln. Mr. Rice describes Mr. Lincoln as most sympathetic and kind-hearted. One of the Congressman's constituents, a Maine farmer, had four sons, all of whom had enlisted in the Union army. The poor man became ill, was destitute, and unable to work his farm. He wrote to Congressman Rice, to see if he could not secure the honorable dismissal of one of the four sons, so that he might return home and support the family. Mr. Rice applied to Secretary of War Stanton, but he declined to do anything. Finally, the facts were laid before President Lincoln. He listened with interest, and then said: "Mr. Rice, are you personally familiar with the case, and are you satisfied that these facts are as they are represented?" Mr. Rice replied in the affirmative, and the President at once ordered that one of the sons be given an honorable discharge, at the same time remarking that a family that had given four sons for the defense of its country was entitled to have at least one for its own defense. Mr. Rice tells of a visit a delegation paid in his presence to Secretary Stanton, to present a matter which had a most pathetic side. The appeal to the Secretary was most urgent, but he refused to respond, and apparently was indifferent to the sad circumstances of the case. At the close of the interview the Secretary retired to his private office, which Mr. Rice entered shortly after. Mr. Stanton said to the Congressman: "I suppose you think I am very hard-hearted, but the fact is that there is only one thought in my mind, and that is my country's safety. It wrings my heart to hear such stories as I have just heard. They touch my sympathies deeply, but far above these personal considerations lies the thought of the country's welfare; that is supreme and uppermost. Everything must yield to it." As he uttered these words tears filled the eyes of the great Secretary of War, and his lips quivered with emotion. It was a revelation of his real self.

— The resolution introduced in the mothers' congress in Washington the other day, expressing sympathy with the Queen Regent of Spain,

provoked a storm of opposition. We may rightly abhor and condemn Spaniards of the type of Weyler and all their works, but for the Spanish Queen and royal mother our feelings must be somewhat those of pity. Maria Christina is an Austrian by birth and training, and it is probable that at heart she has had a true woman's abhorrence for the inhuman and merciless policy which Spain has pursued towards her colonial subjects, and for which the nation is now receiving its just punishment. At all events, the character of Queen Christina has never been touched by the breath of scandal. As for her son, Alfonso XIII., he is only a lad of twelve, and in no true sense yet a factor in the government of Spain. Spain may see a number of kinds of government before Alfonso reaches his majority, and the sceptre may then be further from his reach than it is now.

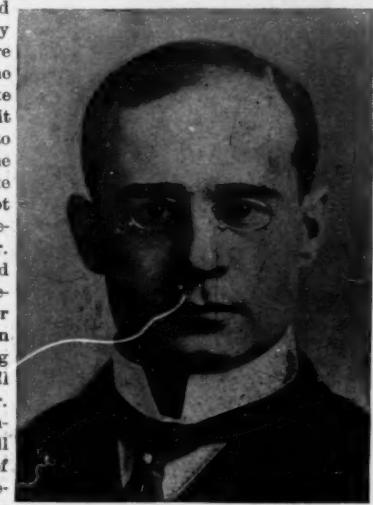
— The probabilities are that the Republican State ticket in New York next fall, with the exception of Governor Black, will be made up wholly of new names, and it is not improbable that it will include at least one promotion in the person of the Hon. William J. Morgan, of Buffalo, as a candidate for comptroller. Mr. Morgan is at present deputy-comptroller, and has richly earned promotion to the higher post by faithful and efficient service in his present office and by other valuable services rendered to the State in various public offices, as well as by his labors in the useful field of journalism. Mr. Morgan was born in Peter-

boro, Canada, in 1840, but has lived in Buffalo since he was ten years of age. He served with credit throughout the Civil War, rising from the ranks to the commission of captain. He led the fascine carriers who volunteered to form the advance of the assaulting column in the desperate attack on Port Hudson, May 27th, 1863, and was wounded four times. Since the war he has been one of the most prominent citizens of Buffalo, and has occupied many positions of honor and responsibility, civic, political, and official. For three years he was chairman of the board of canal appraisers, and afterwards, in 1889, was appointed collector of customs for the district of Buffalo Creek. Mr. Morgan is also an experienced newspaper man, having been a member of the editorial staff of the popular and influential *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser* from 1869 to 1889. He has been secretary of the Buffalo grade-crossing commission from its inception, and for many years was active in connection with the Commercial Union, organized to secure canal improvements and the abolition of tolls. He was appointed as deputy by Comptroller Roberts in 1894.

— It is refreshing once in a while to find an American man or woman who is ready to speak his or her mind in support even of an unpopular cause. Here is Mrs. Mary Seymour Howell writing to the Albany *Argus* a vigorous plea in favor of

the hand-organ, and an equally vigorous protest against the proposition to forbid the appearance of the organ-grinder in the public streets of New York's capital city. Mrs. Howell pleads for "those who cannot, when the summer days come, go away to the mountains and the sea, and in these restful retreats listen to classic music from some well-known orchestra." And she adds: "Don't check the music of the streets, humble as it is. Let us hear the old, familiar melodies, and throw our pennies to the poor cripples that lift their hats in thanks to us as gracefully as the man of fashion. Let the little feet dance to the music. It compensates in a measure for the village green. It makes the little ones happy, and it brings a smile to faces that are pathetic with the history of long years. Children and music keep the world young."

— The temperament which belongs to a genuine and successful actor and helps to make him such is of the very kind to be



MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD.

He is also a writer of undoubted genius, as numerous productions from his pen have shown. The latest among these is the following, which he entitles "The Eagle's Song":

The Lioness whelped and the sturdy cub  
Was seized by an eagle and carried up  
And homed for a while in an eagle's nest,  
And slept for a while on an eagle's breast,  
And the eagle taught it the eagle's song:  
"To be stanch and valiant and free and strong!"

The Lion whelp sprang from the eerie nest,  
From the lofty crag where the Queen birds rest;  
He fought the King on the spreading plain,  
And drove him back o'er the foaming main.  
He held the land as a thrifty chief,  
And reared his cattle and reaped his sheaf.  
Nor sought the help of a foreign hand,  
Yet welcomed all to his own free land!

Two were the sons that the country bore  
To the Northern lakes and the Southern shore,  
And Chivalry dwelt with the Southern son,  
And Industry lived with the Northern one.

Tears for the time when they broke and fought!  
Tears was the price of the Union wrought!  
And the land was red in a sea of blood,  
Where brother for brother had swelled the flood!

And now that the two are one again,  
Behold on their shield the word—"Refrain!"  
And the lion cub's twain sing the eagle's song:  
"To be stanch and valiant and free and strong!"  
For the eagle's beak and the lion's paw,  
And the lion's fangs and the eagle's claw,  
And the eagle's swoop and the lion's might,  
And the lion's leap and the eagle's sight  
Shall guard the flag with the word—"Refrain!"  
Now that the two are one again!

Here's to a cheer for the Yankee ships!  
And "Well done, Sam!" from the mother's lips!

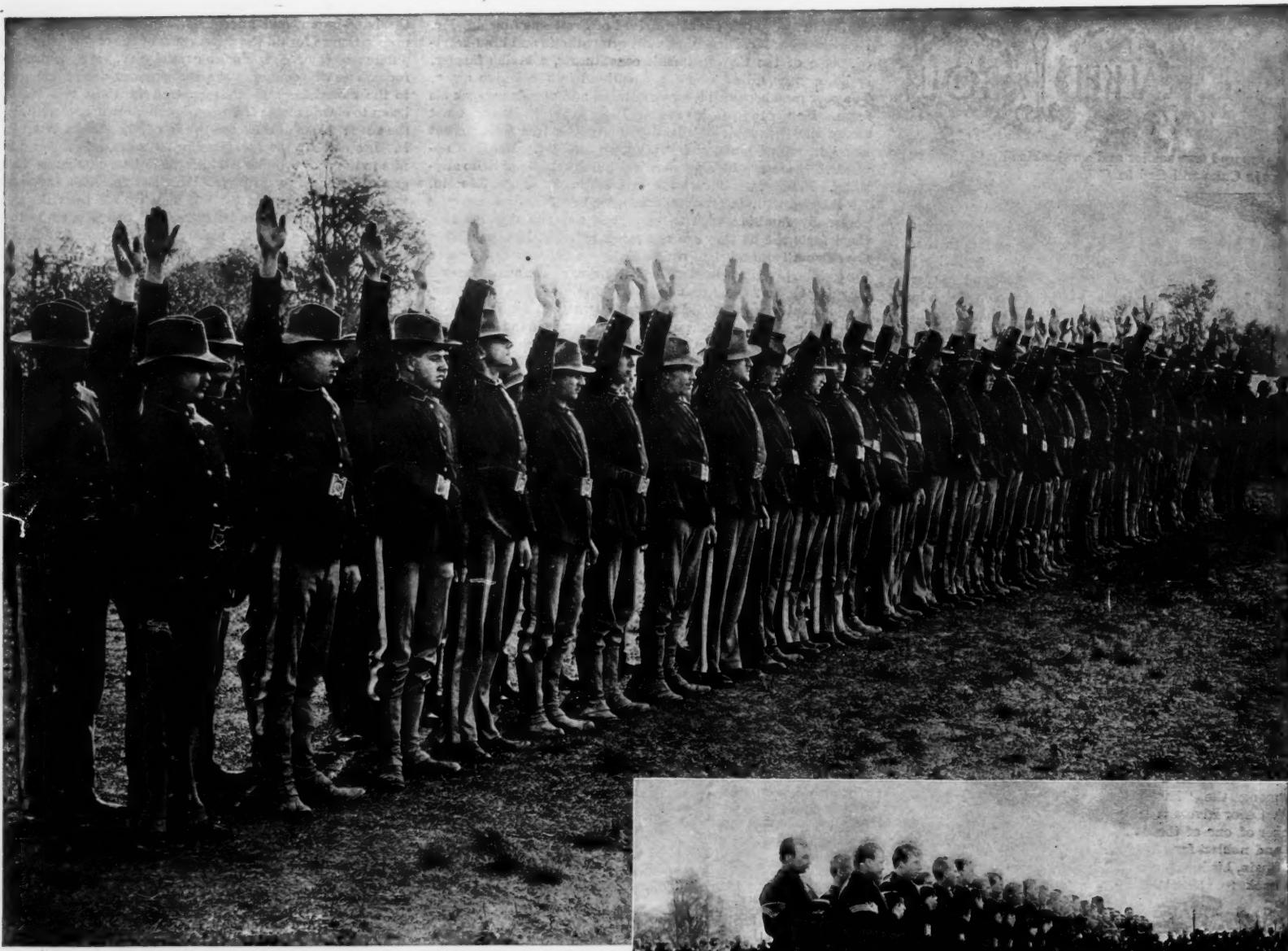
— General Thomas L. James, our former Postmaster-General, dedicates to his life-long friend, the Hon. E. Prentiss Bailey, LL.D., editor of the Utica (New York) *Observer*, an elegant little brochure containing "the James Course" of sermons, delivered before the divinity school of Colgate University, at Hamilton, New York, in the spring term of 1896. A peculiar interest attaches to these sermons, by representative clergymen of the different denominations of the Christian church. They were prepared and delivered in response to an invitation extended at the suggestion of General James, who deemed the time opportune for demonstrating to the divinity students the fact that all the denominations are striving to teach the lessons of the Master, and are therefore in common fellowship with one another. The Right Rev. Dr. Newman, bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, preached upon "Christ, the Reformer"; the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Sanders, of the Baptist denomination, upon "The Uniqueness of the Character of Christ"; the Rev. Dr. Henry A. Brann, rector of St. Agnes's Roman Catholic Church, of New York City, upon "The Divinity of Christ"; the Rev. Dr. Wilton Merle Smith, pastor of one of the most influential Presbyterian churches in New York, upon "The Church of Christ and the Preaching of Christ in the Twentieth Century"; and the Rev. Dr. D. Parker Morgan, rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Heavenly Rest, in New York City, upon "The Daysman of Job." Portraits of each of these eminent clergymen accompany their respective sermons. These addresses, which were heard with deep appreciation, not only by the students but by many other persons, are due to the warm interest felt by General James in the divinity school of Colgate, and his personal friendship with the instructors there.



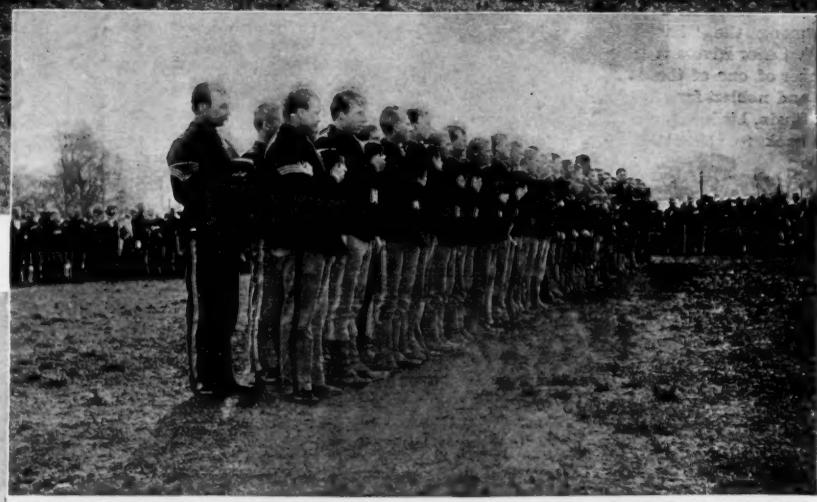
HON. WILLIAM J. MORGAN.



GENERAL THOMAS L. JAMES.



**SWARING ALLEGIANCE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES—A COMPANY OF THE TWELFTH REGIMENT, THE FIRST OF THE NATIONAL GUARD TO LEAVE PEEKSKILL FOR THE SOUTH.**



**THE MOST TOUCHING FEATURE OF THE CEREMONY—LISTENING TO THE NATIONAL ANTHEM AFTER TAKING THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.**



**READY FOR DEPARTURE—IN HEAVY MARCHING ORDER WAITING THE WORD OF COMMAND.**

#### **SWEARING ALLEGIANCE TO THE FLAG.**

**BEAUTIFUL AND IMPOSING CEREMONIES—OUR NATIONAL GUARD ENTERING THE SERVICE OF THE REGULAR ARMY.**



CORPORAL'S GUARD, SECOND REGIMENT, FIRST BRIGADE.



PHILADELPHIA CITY TROOPERS CLEANING STREETS OF THE CAMP.



FIRST AND SECOND REGIMENTS IN ENCAMPMENT.



COMPANY K, FIRST REGIMENT, PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS COOKING—SHOWING MESS-TENT.



WASHING UP.



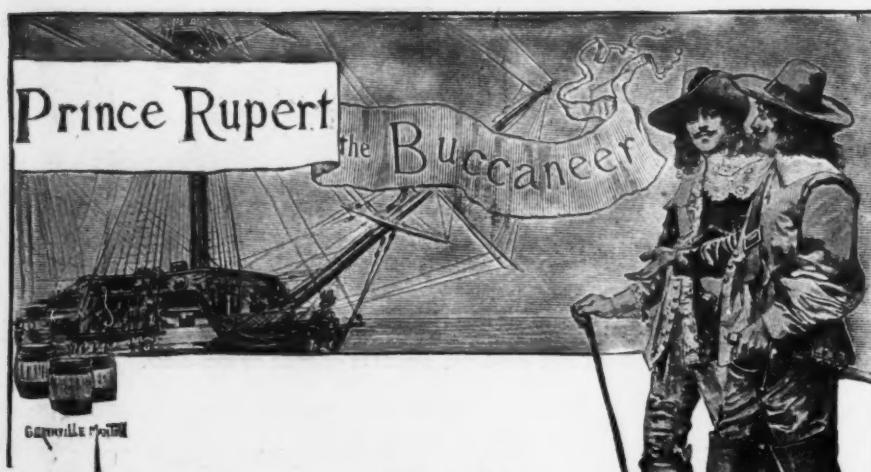
GOVERNOR HASTINGS MUSTERING IN VOLUNTEERS AND DISTRIBUTING COMMISSIONS TO OFFICERS.



INSPECTION OF EQUIPMENT.

LOYAL SONS OF PENNSYLVANIA IN ENCAMPMENT AT MOUNT GRETNA.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. RAU.—[SEE PAGE 359.]



His adventures, set to paper by Mary Laughan, a maid who, through affection, followed him to the West Indies and the Spanish Main, acting as his secretary, he deeming her a male, though timid; which account is now put into more modern English by Cutcliffe Hyne.

(Copyright, 1898, by C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne.)

### III.

#### THE RAPE OF THE SPANISH PEARLS.

Now the captured pink, when they came to examine her, contained very small store of what the buccaneers consider valuable—to wit, gold coin, jewels, or pearls. Merchandise, such as cottons and silks, she was well stocked with; chests of gold-laced clothes she carried, and in these the rude fellows decked themselves during the first search; but all this cargo required further barter before it could be turned into a carouse, and barter was a thing the buccaneers held in small esteem. It was their conceit that as free hunters they could peddle hides and meat and tallow without demeaning themselves; but to trade in merchant stuffs, such as oil and cloth and tinsels and dye-wood, was, in their idea, to dirty their fingers. Amongst the Brethren of the Coast there was very great niceness in such small matters as these.

The event, as it happened, fell in very handily with Prince Rupert's mood. Small gains were as useful to his Highness as nothing at all; it was constantly in his mind that he had to keep supplied the court of his Majesty, King Charles II., at The Hague; and, in fine, it was pieces-of-eight by the puncheons and not by the purse which he sought. So he proposed manning the pink more stoutly, saying, with purposeful vagueness, that he intended to venture out upon the seas again in search of plate-ships; and the buccaneers who had helped him take her agreed with shouts and a salvo from the guns.

There was little time lost in debauch. The ten surviving buccaneers were, it is true, too drunk and too incumbered by their fine clothes to do much towards the working of the pink; but they sat about the decks, each with an open liquor-cask convenient to one hand and a naked sword to the other; and the Spanish prisoners, with the terror of death heavy upon them, were easily persuaded to do the necessary seaman's work on this vessel which had so lately been their own. The pink was sailed up a convenient creek of Hispaniola, where forests grew down to the water's edge, and there careened by tackles from her lower mast-heads to the tree-roots. Five of the buccaneers departed various ways into the country to secure recruits for this new expedition; and the other five, with Prince Rupert and Master Stephen Laughan, his secretary, stayed

ery of the Spaniards in a bay at the farther side of Hispaniola. This knowledge Master Laughan had kept secret, timorously dreading lest the prince, with a small force, should attempt its capture, in spite of the heaviness of its guarding.

But certain sneers that were dropped by two of those barbarous buccaneers after the storming of the pink (whereat indeed Master Laughan's sword-arm was reddened to the elbow) had driven the poor creature half frantic with mortification, and in an agony of wounded pride the news of the pearl-fishery was whispered into Prince Rupert's ear.

His Highness heard the scheme with a glowing face. "My lad," he cried, "this is a more profitable adventure than any I have dreamed about. But why have I not been told it before?"

"Because," said Master Laughan, craftily, "your Highness lacked all followers save my poor self, and I feared to tantalize you by pointing out the impossible."

"Arnidieu!" swore Rupert; "you should have left me to be judge of that, Master Laughan. I have done the impossible so many times before that I begin to think there is small meaning in the word. Besides, as you well knew, I was a desperate man in a desperate case. I have pawned the King's fleet for three months without his leave or signature, and it is a fact that if I do not earn plunder without the ships here I shall earn censure at The Hague."

"I judged all these things," said the secretary, with a sigh, "and the only excuse I can put forward is my poor affection for your Highness's safety."

"Thou'ret a good lad," said the prince, testily; "a well-enough meaning lad, but at times a short-seeing fool. My life has passed through too many thousand risks to be cut off with a few more. And besides, adventure is meat, drink, and opium to me; it is a habit which I cannot shake off, nor wish to do, and let that suffice. And now for a chart and more of your tale."

They went down to the cabin, which was hard to reach and ill to stand in, since the pink was careened with one of her bilges clear of the water. They found a chart, and lay it upon the almost upright table, and to lock at it stood on the bulk coamings by reason of the heel. The thump and squeak of the scrapers as the men shredded the growth of weed and barnacles from the planking came to their ears as they handled the chart, and with it a quaint, strange smell of burning as the men breamed the ship's bottom.

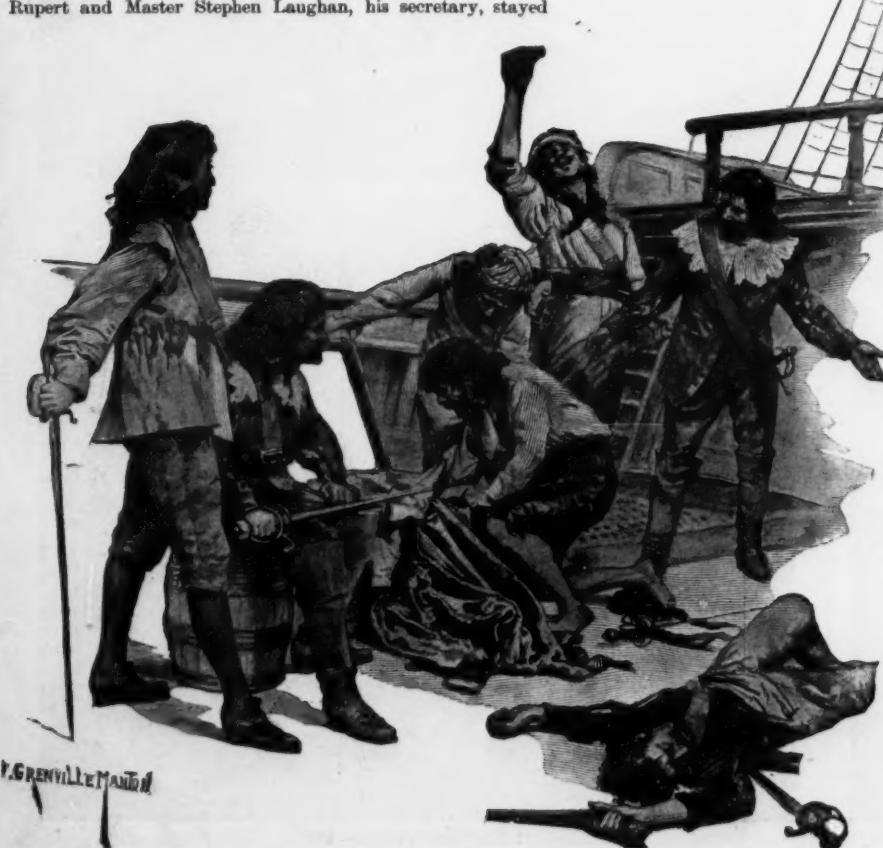
"We could be cleverer with more knowledge on these fisheries," said the prince, and thrust his head up through the skylight and shouted that word should be passed for the erstwhile captain of the pink.

The Spaniard said it was the easiest way imaginable of gathering wealth, the only difficulty being a shortness in the supply of the Guinea black men who were used for the diving. These, it seemed, through being forced by their masters to remain under water for twenty minutes at a stretch, deteriorated in strength, and indeed with frequency would most exasperatingly die. There was no relying (said the Spaniard) on the blackamoors to be useful servants, and this was the greater pity because no other substitute could be used, since the sharks, which abound in these latitudes, attack white men or the native Indians when swimming in the water, but avoid the blacks by reason of their pungent smell.

Much more, too, upon this matter the fellow told, because, having once (as he termed it) done treachery to his country, it mattered little whether the treachery was big or small; but it was plain to see that there was a method in his telling. He admitted that the pearls were there, which of course Prince Rupert had learned already; he spoke upon the methods of fishing, which carried with them a certain pleasant interest; but he was unmistakable in his painting of the care with which they were guarded.

"They know, señores," quoth he, "that your Excellencies, the Brethren of the Coast, would be only too happy to make a transference of these precious gleanings, and they are quite prepared to defend them to the uttermost. The store-ship and the guard-ship are both mighty vessels, and crammed with men. The bay is land-locked and smooth, and they lie there to their anchors, with guns run out and loaded, with boarding-nettings triced up to the yard-arms, hand-grenades ranged ready, and close quarters all set up convenient for a fight. They are fine ships both, with lofty forecastles and aftercastles. Their crews are picked men, and constantly exercised with their weapons. They are, in sooth, señores, floating fortresses, and nothing but an armada could reduce them."

So the Spaniard spoke on, and Master Laughan hearkened to the words with a sinking heart, and mightily regretted ever having yielded to those goadings which, in a moment of desperation, led to the prince being first told about the fisheries. But Prince Rupert listened with appetite. He smiled pleasantly when he heard of the richness of the pearls in store, and his eye kindled as the Spaniard described with how great accuracy they were guarded. And when, at the end of his narration, the Spaniard said he hoped he had shown how impossible it was for



"MERCHANTISE, SUCH AS COTTONS AND SILKS, SHE WAS WELL STOCKED WITH; CHESTS OF GOLD-LACED CLOTHES SHE CARRIED."

have worked with all the good-will that could be expected from a slave, but when your fellows for the *bois de chauffage*—I know not how you call it—" "Breaming-fagots."

"For their breaming-fagots used that which was holy, and would have had me participate in their sin, why there, señor, I refused to put my soul in jeopardy, and rebelled."

The prince looked puzzled. "You are speaking beyond me."

"Señor," said the Spaniard, "as part of my cargo, which you took from me, were three cases of papal indulgences. They were intrusted to my care by the bishop of Maracaibo, who knows me as a devout Catholic."

"Well?" said the prince.

"Señor capitan," said the prisoner, "it is with these parchments, these things of indescribable holiness, that your fellows would have us bream the underplanking of the ship. Some of my compatriots are weak; they have twisted the sacred writings up into torches, and I saw them thereby bartering away their souls before my very eyes. I alone resisted. I alone have earned stripes and this martyrdom. But you, señor capitan, you are not a rude man like those on deck. You will not insure your eternal damnation by permitting this sacrilege to continue?"

"At present," said the prince, "I do not see cause for interference, being so curiously constituted as to think that I can earn heaven without the Pope's helping."

"You are a blasphemer."

"No; I am a Protestant, and heed papal thunders as little as a duck fears water; but, señor, I will permit you to ransom what remains over of this consignment of indulgences on easy terms."

The Spaniard stepped forward eagerly enough, then stopped and frowned. "Señor," he said, "you are playing with me. You know me to be a ruined man."

"On the contrary," said the prince, "you still own one small commodity, and I would buy that from you on easy terms. You have information about the pearl-fisheries in this bay which I have marked here on your chart. Tell me how they are guarded and how worked and I will wed you once more to freedom, amigo, with the parchments as your dowry."

"You ask me to be traitor to my country."

"Those good gentlemen on deck," suggested the prince, "might offer you the alternative of having your nose and other portions of your honored anatomy carved in slices, and lighted matches put between your fingers. It would injure my feelings sorely if I had to hand you over to their power of persuasiveness. And in the meanwhile these excellent parchments from Rome, on which you seem to set so much store, are flickering away to ash. If a layman might judge, it seems to me that you are now personally responsible for their destruction."

"Señor," said the Spaniard, "your diplomacy is as invincible as your sword-arm. May you live a thousand years; I must ransom these holy writings at whatever cost." And forthwith, so soon as the prince had bidden those on deck burn no more of the papal indulgences, the Spaniard broke into narrative and told all about the pearls and the manner of their fishing.

It appeared that the industry was then at its zenith. The fishing had gone on for years with always increasing success; but now that many towns of the Main had been raided by enemies, and Spain was still clamoring for the undiminished cargoes of wealth, a greater effort than formerly was made to wrest this wealth from the fastnesses of the sea. First and last, two thousand men were toiling at the fishery. It was worked from small brigantines of ten and a dozen tons, of which there were an amazing number. Each night these brought their catch to a great store-ship which lay at anchor in the bay, heavily armed. And for the protection of the armed store-ship was a war-carrack full of arms and men always on guard, together with two armed galleys of fifty oars apiece.

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even the bravest of men to overcome the defenders and ravish the store, the prince laughed merrily and said he had done just the reverse. "I am a man," quoth he, "that likes a kernel all the better, and hammers for it all the cleverer, when the nut is hard a-cracking."

"Yet I do not see how you can finger those pearls!" said the Spaniard.

(To be continued.)

### "Dare-Devil Johnson."

THE NOTED ARMY OFFICER WHOSE LEAD OUR WAR ARTIST IS FOLLOWING.

ONE of our special war artists with the troops in Cuba is Mr. H. C. Christy, whose superb war and other pictures have delighted our readers for some time. Mr. Christy is to go with the command of Lieutenant Carter Johnson, known throughout the army as "Dare-Devil Johnson." When Mr. Christy's desire to go with Lieutenant Johnson's command was expressed, some of the former's friends sought to dissuade him, saying that wherever Johnson led there was always danger of death. Nevertheless, Mr. Christy resolved to take his chances.

Among the regular-army officers who have been called into service for the Cuban campaign there is no one more justly famous than Lieutenant Johnson, who, with his dog Spot, are pictured in this issue. Lieutenant Johnson is a veteran campaigner and Indian fighter of the Western plains, and has received a gold medal from Congress for deeds of bravery. One of his most noted exploits was the capture of the famous

speed. Their hearts and sympathies were with the people of the United States, and it was clearly displayed.

Four fire companies of Niagara Falls, Ontario, crossed the Niagara River and, headed by the union jack and a Canadian band of their own engagement, marched in line behind the troops that were going to fight for the stars and stripes. Never before, so far as known, has such a generous, noble, public demonstration been made, and never before have the stars and stripes and the union jack floated in such a procession as that at Niagara Falls on Sunday, May 1st, 1898. The thousands who witnessed the scene will never forget it.

It is intimated that the incident may be made the subject for diplomatic settlement. It is certain that it has more strongly cemented the bond of friendship existing between



LIEUTENANT JOHNSON.

"Apache Kid," after pursuing him for many days and nights among the mountains. He is very popular in army circles throughout the country, not only because of his daring and his brilliant record, but because of the many qualities of good-fellowship found in him. If the opportunity offers itself or can be found, Lieutenant Johnson is certain to bring new honors to himself and new glory to his country in this conflict with Spain.

### Union Jack and Stars and Stripes.

CANADIANS JOIN IN ESCORTING A NEW YORK COMPANY ON THE MARCH TO THE FRONT.

THE war with Spain has developed many pleasing incidents that will long be remembered with much pleasure by the people of the United States, and none of them is of more importance than the friendship displayed for this country by Great Britain. One of the most striking incidents of this friendship was seen in Niagara Falls, May 1st, on the occasion of the departure of the Forty-second Separate Company for the camp of the volunteers at Hempstead Plains, Long Island. City officials, veterans of the late war, veterans of the company, city firemen, and others escorted them through the principal streets to the depot. The arrangements were hurriedly perfected, but not too rapidly to keep a large number of Canadians from joining in the God-

sachusetts is made up of eight divisions, an engineer and signal corps, in all 650 men. All the divisions are located at the seaboard cities except the Springfield company, which has been drilled on the Connecticut River. About two-thirds of the men are doing active duty. The rest of the brigade is quartered on board the old war-ship *Minnesota*, its permanent headquarters in Boston, drilling for any emergency.

When the detachments of the Massachusetts naval brigade arrived at Philadelphia and Brooklyn to man the vessels they had been assigned to, they were informed that they would be obliged to enlist as regulars. Commander Weeks went to Washington and asked that the govern-



CANADIANS ESCORTING A NEW YORK COMPANY ON THE MARCH TO THE FRONT—UNION JACK IN THE BACKGROUND.

the two peoples on the Canada border, and made clear that their hearts are not widely separated. Under these circumstances, and in this month which ushers in her seventy-eighth year—for she will be seventy-seven years old on the 24th instant—we can all cheerfully say, "God bless the Queen."

ORRIN E. DUNLAP.

### The Crack Naval Militia of Massachusetts.

THE Massachusetts naval militia, doing coast-defense duty on the old monitors *Catskill* and *Lehigh* and the auxiliary cruiser *Prairie*, the former ordered to Boston to guard the harbor, and the latter for coast-patrol duty, is regarded as among the very best organizations of its character in the country. Ten years ago there was no naval militia in any of the States. Massachusetts took the initiative by organizing the first naval brigade about eight years ago.

Its personnel embraces the flower of the young manhood of the State. Nearly half the line officers of the brigade are graduates of Annapolis. Captain Weeks, the commander, received his diploma at the naval college from the hands of the lamented President Garfield, but resigned to enter civil life.

The naval militia of Mas-

sachusetts accept the militia as it stood, and to agree that they should be kept together and not be divided up among different ships. The Navy Department agreed to this so far as the requirements of the service will permit. This arrangement is satisfactory to the men, who have all volunteered, with few exceptions, for coast-defense work. Assistant-Secretary Roosevelt has spoken very highly of the efficiency of this brigade. They are well trained, and understand gun and torpedo work.

### Heroes of the Navy

AFTER WHOM OUR TORPEDO-BOATS ARE NAMED.

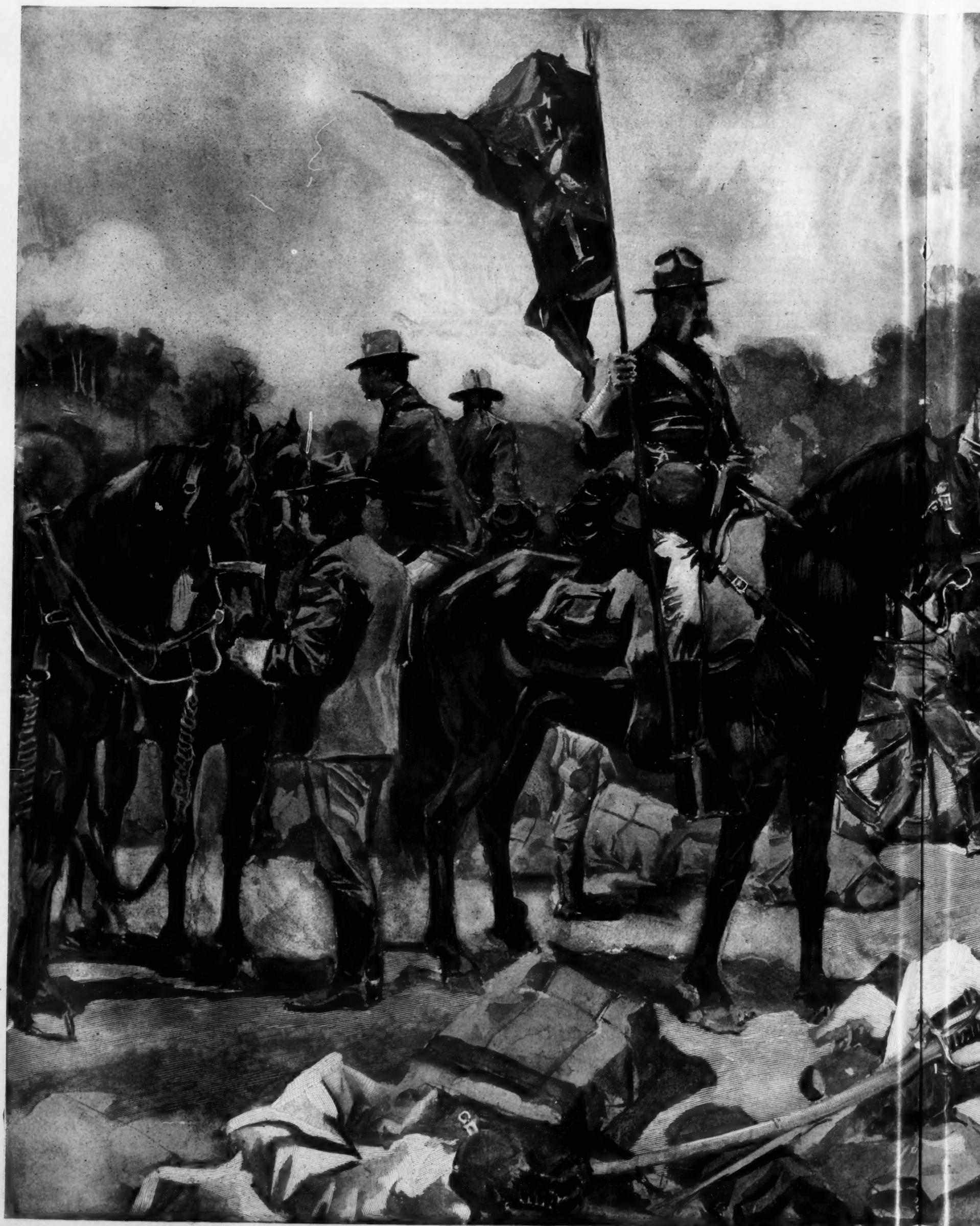
It was entirely proper and fitting that our government should name the torpedo-boats employed in the present war with Spain after brave men who have distinguished themselves under our flag in naval wars of the past.

The torpedo-boat *Foote* perpetuates the name of a man who did not one brave deed, but many, in the service of the United States. Andrew H. Foote entered the navy as a midshipman in 1822, and passed through all the grades from that up to rear-admiral, earning each successive promotion by daring and meritorious deeds. His earliest service was against the pirates of Sumatra. For two years he commanded a brig engaged in the suppression of the slave-trade on the African coast. In 1856 he was appointed to the command of the sloop *Portsmouth*, and with other vessels was sent to the Chinese coast to protect American interests in the war between England and China. While engaged in this duty his vessel was fired upon from a fort at Canton. The doughty commander demanded an instant apology. When it was not forthcoming he landed his men and led them against the forts. Their seven-foot walls of granite were protected by many guns and contained 5,000 Chinese soldiers, but Foote captured them with 400 Americans, and lost only forty men, against the enemy's loss of 400.

Another boat now in service in Cuban waters bears the honored name of *Dupont*, a naval leader whose term of service extended over much the same period as that of Foote, and was even more checkered with important and decisive events. As commander of the *Cyane* in the war with Mexico, he captured San Diego, took possession of La Paz, the capital of Lower California, spiked the guns of San Blas, and cleared the Gulf of California of hostile ships, thirty of which were taken or destroyed. In October, 1861, Dupont sailed from Norfolk, Virginia, in command of the largest fleet ever sent under an American officer, and shortly after attacked the fortifications defending Port Royal harbor. This engagement is justly regarded as one of the most brilliant achievements in naval warfare.

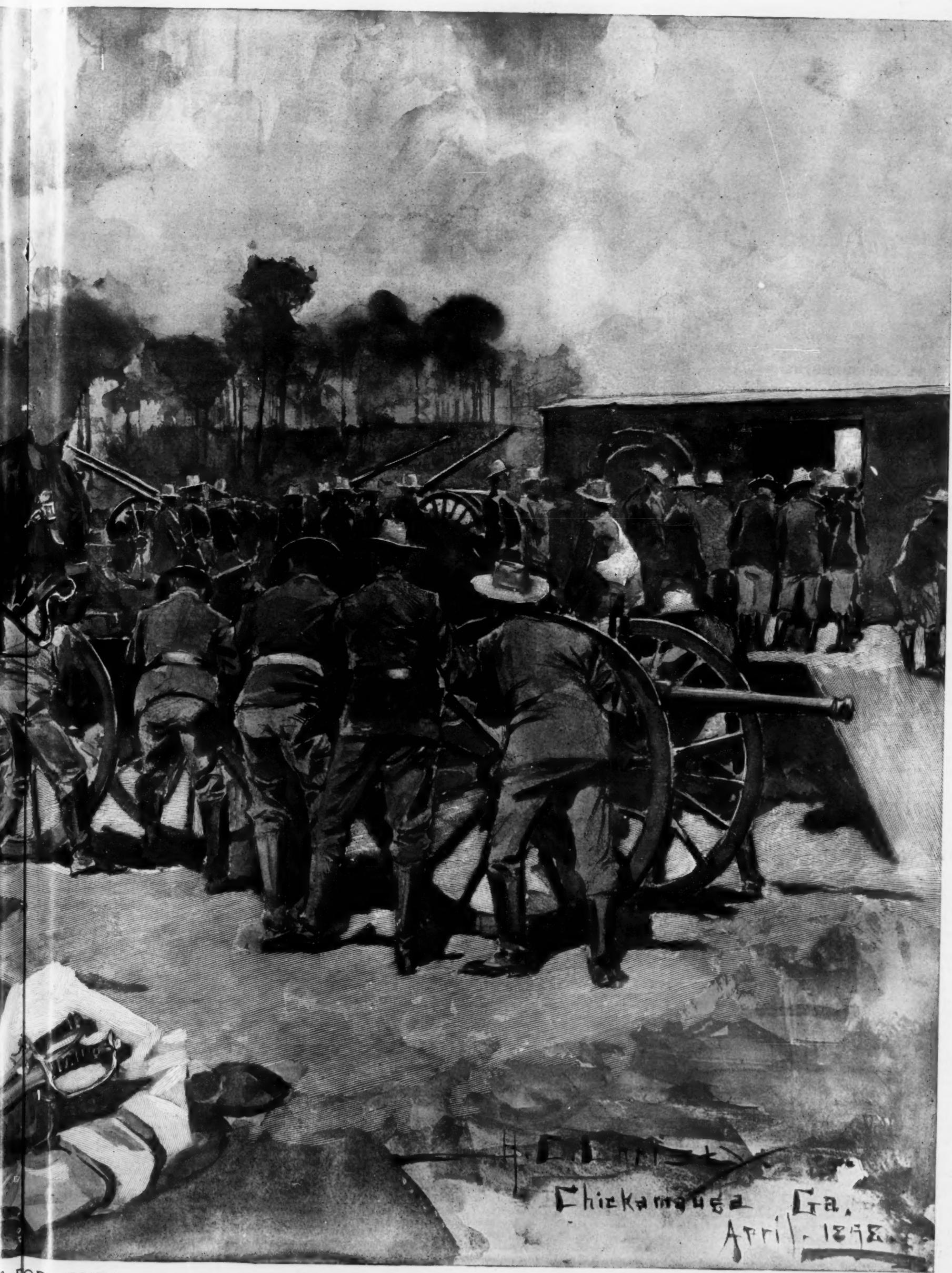


MASSACHUSETTS NAVAL MILITIA DOING COAST-DEFENSE DUTY.



THE START FOR CHICKAMAUGA

THE FIGHTING UNITED STATES REGULARS LEAVING CHICKAMAUGA CAMP FOR THE BATTLE



FOR CUBA.

MASSA CAMP FOR TAMPA, EAGER FOR THE FRAY.—[SEE PAGE 358.]



### At Chickamauga.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND HISTORIC CAMPING-GROUND OF THE SOLDIERS WHOSE MISSION IT IS TO FREE CUBA.

(From our Correspondent with the Army)

CHICKAMAUGA CAMP, GEORGIA, May 10th, 1898.—Chickamauga National Park is a delight to the eye. It is an ideal camping-place. Pure air and pure water are in unlimited supply. Shady groves alternate with broad fields. All else that a soldier needs is provided by Uncle Sam liberally and abundantly. War may be as bad as General Sherman said it was, but it is rather a pity that eternal punishment should have been abolished from so many creeds if Camp Thomas bears any resemblance to the place with which "Old Tecumseh" identified war.

A military camp is always an interesting place to the civilian. The removal of the artillery from Chickamauga to Tampa, on its way to some other place whose whereabouts they could only guess, took from the camp an arm of the service which offers to the general sight-seer a strong and unique attraction. But there is ample entertainment left in the form of several regiments of cavalry and infantry, and in the various departments which are a necessary part and parcel of all large bodies of troops. The signal-service has its telegraph-wires, carried upon portable lance-poles, connecting all the different regiments with General Brooke's headquarters. The hospital department has its tents and its wagons with each regiment. The huge mule-drawn wagons of the quartermaster's department move busily about the grounds, loaded with hay and grain for the cavalry horses and with food supplies for all the men.

The camp is a combination of activity and idleness. It is a little world in itself. There are, perhaps, few times when everybody is busy, but it is certain that there is no time when everybody is idle. Even on Sunday, when there is no drill and few camp duties, men and horses must eat, and the sentry must, at all times, tramp his weary round. There is company-drill, and there is battalion-drill, at certain hours; and guard-mount and parade at their specified times; but to the sight-seer, even these are scarcely more interesting than the little incidental doings of camp-life, and the less romantic portions of daily routine.

The photographer catches a shot at a company of the Second Infantry drawn up before the hospital-tent, each man with an arm bared ready for the doctor's lancet and the vaccine-point. He catches a troop of the Sixth Cavalry filing up to the company-kitchen, each with cup and pannikin, in response to the bugle-call for mess. He catches the regimental barber of the Twelfth Infantry exercising his functions on a soldier's face; a regimental farrier putting a shoe on the hoof of a mule who objects; and a soldier playing the laundress. He finds a subject in a little group of officers discussing the latest news from the front and the chances of their own opportunity for active service. It is useless to attempt to hurry through the camp. There is something to detain the visitor wherever he goes. It may be the strains of a band, or it may be a base-ball game between nines of different troops. It may be the call of "Boots and Saddles" in a cavalry troop, or it may be guard-mount in an infantry regiment. But stop he must, for everything offers its own peculiar interest.

But there is another side to this Chickamauga field. It is not only a park and a camp. It is a memorial ground, hallowed by its baptism with the blood of 35,000 brave men who, some from the North and some from the South, met in battle during those two awful days of September, 1863. Where is now the baseball field and the camp of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, the men of Sheridan's brigade spent, in bivouac, cold and hungry, the anxious night of the 19th. Where are now the tents of the Twelfth Infantry, Wilder's brigade of Illinois and Indiana mounted infantry enfiladed Manigault's Confederate brigade and piled the ground with dead and wounded. The soldiers of the Seventh Infantry can toss a biscuit from their camp into the Bloody Pond. On the ground occupied by the Third and the Sixth Cavalry there was bitter fighting from two o'clock P. M. until sundown on the 19th. Across the fields where the artillery camped during its stay, Granger marched with his reserve corps to the aid of Thomas, repulsing Forrest's attack upon his flank and saving the Union lines from utter disaster.

Throughout the grounds one is seldom out of sight of monuments, statues, and tablets, commemorating, in iron and stone and bronze, the heroic deeds of the men of a past generation. The Chickamauga field is a park, a camp, and a memorial-ground. It is dotted to-day with the white tents of our nation's fighting-men. Thirty-five years ago it was a "bivouac of the dead." To-day, on the ground where their fathers met in bitter

# FROM THE SEAT OF WAR

found it almost impossible to keep matches. The dampness is so penetrating that matches are rendered useless, so that no dependence is ever placed upon them by either Spaniard or insurgent, and consequently a flint and steel are made to serve the useful purpose of striking a light. The most convenient form of this little apparatus is that used by the Mexicans, which consists of a piece of round cotton tape, a piece of flint, and a steel. One end of the tape is burned to produce the tinder, after which the end is guarded in a little box or tube. I have seen an ordinary cartridge-shell used for this purpose. When a light is required the charred end of the tape is placed upon the flint and held with the flint between the thumb and finger of the left hand. Two or three sharp blows with the steel upon the edge of the flint produce sparks which ignite the tape, and behold the light. After use, the tape should be extinguished without destroying the tinder or charred end, for without it the sparks from the flint would not ignite. THOMAS R. DAWLEY, JR.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Thomas R. Dawley will accompany our army to Cuba, as special scout, and incidentally send letters and photographs to LESLIE'S WEEKLY.]

### The Pay of the Navy.

HOW THE OFFICERS AND MEN ARE CARED FOR.

WHEN one takes into consideration the intelligence, the technical training, and the other demands made upon them by their profession, the officers and men who handle our war-ships are poorly paid as compared with those who follow similarly exacting duties on shore.

Of course a naval officer, as long as he obeys the regulations and maintains the required standard of professional attainments, is practically sure of a position for life, with certain payment of his salary, slow but steady promotion, and a retired list to await him when age or physical infirmity incapacitates him for active service. On the other hand, he can never get rich, receiving but a very modest competence, and he never has a permanent home until sixty-two years old, the legal age for retirement. He may own a house and his family may live in it, but he himself is a nomad until reaching the age named, being ordered hither and thither, all over the world, in the meantime.

An officer's pay varies not only according to his rank, but according to the nature of his duty. His highest pay is while at sea, his lowest while on leave or "waiting orders." The following table gives the officers' pay per annum:

Rank.	Pay.
Rear-admirals.....	\$4,000 to \$6,000
Commodores.....	3,000 to 5,000
Captains.....	2,800 to 4,500
Commanders.....	2,300 to 3,500
Lieutenant-commanders.....	2,000 to 3,000
Lieutenants.....	1,600 to 2,600
Lieutenants, junior grade.....	1,200 to 2,000
Ensigns.....	800 to 1,400
Naval cadets.....	500 to 950

The pay of staff officers—that is, the engineers, surgeons, paymasters, etc., is slightly greater in the lower grades and about the same in the higher, as compared with line officers of the same relative rank. Officers retired for age or incapacity resulting from incident of service receive three-fourths of their sea-pay. When retired for incapacity for other cause they get much lower pay, varying according to cause. Contrary to the general popular notion, naval officers clothe and feed themselves out of their own pockets. They also house themselves, except when on board ship or when stationed at a navy-yard where quarters are provided. True, they are allowed, while at sea, the munificent sum of thirty cents per diem for their rations, but this does not furnish three particularly hearty meals a day; it makes but the small addition of \$109.50 per annum to their pay.

Furthermore, officers of the American navy have to pay out of their own pockets for the entertainment, not only of their own personal friends, but of officials, the guests of the nation. In rare cases, such as the recent Columbian naval review and the Queen's jubilee in England, Congress has made special appropriations to defray the cost of international hospitalities extended by American naval officers, but these are the exceptions. Foreign nations allow certain sums regularly every year to the officers of their war-ships, to be expended in extending courtesies to national guests. The United States does not; so, through pride in their uniform, American officers have to bear this expense out of their own slender incomes.

The pay of the enlisted men varies from nine dollars per month, received by a third-class apprentice, to seventy dollars per month, which is the compensation of a chief machinist. An "ordinary seaman" receives nineteen dollars, a "seaman" twenty-four dollars, and a "landsman," who is an unskilled recruit, sixteen dollars per month. Men in the artificer class, such as blacksmiths, electricians, boiler-makers, etc., get from thirty-five to fifty dollars per month. All enlisted men, like officers, receive their thirty cents per diem for rations. Furthermore, there is an increase in pay for each re-enlistment.

One important step, conducing to efficiency, taken by the Navy Department during the past year was the elevating of the status of gun-captains, who are now specially rated as such, with pay ranging from thirty-five to fifty dollars per month. Formerly, the gun-captain was chosen simply by reason of his rank on shipboard; that is, no man could be a gun-captain, however good his marksmanship, unless he held some petty office, such as boatswain's mate, coxswain, or something of the sort. Now, the gun-captain is the best shooter and manipulator of the weapon in the latter's crew, regardless of his standing otherwise on board, and he receives extra pay for his qualities. It will be at once observed that the pay of the enlisted men of

strife one against another, march, shoulder to shoulder, men who offer their lives for the flag of their common country.

ALBERT GARDNER ROBINSON.

### What Our Soldiers Should Take With Them to Cuba.

LITTLE FEAR OF YELLOW FEVER—CLOTHING, FOOD, AND MEDICINES SUGGESTED, AND A FLINT AND STEEL.

THE probabilities are that there will be very little hard campaigning by our troops in Cuba. One good battle will so discourage the Spaniards that it will become an easy matter for us to occupy the cities, and then will follow the usual routine of garrison duty. Hence we have more to fear from the dreaded fever than from Spanish bullets. This fever is liable to attack the Northerner with more or less severity, and it depends upon his constitution and previous habits whether the attack be a severe one or not. The fever may be the usual bilious one of the tropics, and is either intermittent, remittent, or continued, the latter being the true yellow fever, or the paludal, or the pernicious. Whether it be the one or the other of these latter, they are equally severe and very little understood by the medical profession in general. In my own experience I have seen doctors disputing in the diagnosis of these different fevers while their patients lay dying.

Notwithstanding the generally accepted theory to the contrary, I have observed, after having experienced many epidemics of fevers in the tropics, that the Northerner, if he be constitutionally sound and not rendered over-corrupt by high living, will resist an attack of fever even better than the native. It may be taken as a rule that it depends on a person's own condition and the precautions he takes, whether he escapes disease or not. I have found some of the simplest medicines to be the most effective preventives of disease, and I always carry a supply with me when I journey in the tropics, although I am opposed to the use of drugs except when they are absolutely necessary. My supply usually consists of a few bottles of gelatine-coated pills, one of compound cathartic, one of rhubarb, and one of quinine. In Cuba I have found the rhubarb very beneficial, whether taken in small or large doses as occasion required. Quinine I only use when there are symptoms of malaria, and then I recommend its use sparingly, except in certain stages of intermittent and remittent fevers.

The season in which fevers are most prevalent is at the decline of the wet season, but if our boys are properly fed, sheltered, and clothed, there need be no great fear of the dreaded fever. The most important thing to be observed is a perfect regularity of the system, and the least irregularity should be attended to with a dose of either the compound cathartic or the rhubarb pills. The clothing should be as light as possible, of cotton or some other light material. Linen is preferable, as it is cool and can be easily washed and kept clean. Woolen goods should not be used under any circumstances, as in the tropics such material is sure to furnish a secure place for the germs of disease and vermin.

The hammock is a most necessary article of use in the tropics, and every soldier should be provided with one. Sleeping on the ground is not only dangerous to health, but it is attended with the annoyance of having myriads of insects, which usually swarm over the land, take up their abode upon the body. With a hammock one can comfortably swing himself far out of the reach of flies and bugs. The simplest and best hammock is a piece of strong but light canvas about a yard and a half wide by two and a half long. With a rope fastened at each end it can be swung between trees or stakes in the field, or beneath the corridors of houses in towns. When not in use it can be rolled into a convenient bundle. When campaigning I have found such a hammock to serve the very useful purpose of a covering to my blanket.

During the rainy season in Cuba, while in the field I have

the navy does not compare well with the compensations given for callings on shore requiring the same amount of skill, experience, and industry. On the other hand, the man-of-war's man has no rent to pay, his food costs him little, owing to the messing together of large numbers of men, and his medical attendance is free. He is cared for when injured, his pay is absolutely sure, and he is also sure of a job for life if he behaves himself, for the government agrees to re-enlist him indefinitely, provided he appears for re-enlistment within three months from each discharge.

The pay of the Marine Corps is the same as that of the army, which means that the marine officers are better paid than those of the navy, by two or more hundred dollars per annum, while the men are not so well paid as their naval comrades. The enlisted men of the Marine Corps, though, are furnished with their uniforms, whereas the bluejackets have to pay for their own, so the net incomes are about equal in the end.

### The Bombardment of San Juan.

A FINE WORD-PICTURE OF ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S BOLD ATTACK ON A SPANISH STRONGHOLD, MAY 12TH.—(From the report of the New York Sun's special correspondent.)

THE whole sea-front of the island is precipitous, but especially so at the toe, the western point, where high rocks frown above the entrance to the bay within. On this point from time out of mind has stood an old stone fort, Morro Castle, of San Juan. With its thick walls and tiers of guns it was, in the days of smooth-bore guns, practically impregnable. The Spaniards erected, in scientific fashion, a defense-line running along the shore-front for three-quarters of a mile, and there they built another big castle. A defense-line was carried thence all the way around the inner front of the foot end of the island, and within this they built the town, dividing the space into big blocks by six broad streets running east and west, and one narrow and six broad streets running north and south. The streets are lined with houses throughout, and it is said the town contains nearly 60,000 people, certainly more than 40,000. The unmoored Detroit, with the tug Wompatuck, led the way slowly in, while the torpedo-boat Porter ran off to the eastward, half a mile or so from the line of the squadron, and stopped within a mile or so of the shore.

For six minutes the flags floated in peace, and then some Spanish officer opened fire. As the trade-wind whipped the smoke from the face of Morro Castle, whence the shot was fired, Admiral Sampson told "Fighting Bob" Evans that the fire might be returned. The forward turret had already been turned so that the long twelve-inch rifles were aimed at the yellowish walls of the old castle, and at precisely 5:15 o'clock the word to fire was given.

Then, while the big guns still smoked, the eight-inch guns took up the work and sent their lean projectiles with an eager, whining cry to hunt for blood. At that the little Detroit, unarmored though she was and with only five inch guns in her battery, joined in. For days the gunner in charge of a rifle on her quarter deck had carried a tiny flag over the breech of his gun, to the joy of every one who saw it; but he took it down now, rolled it up, shoved it into his shirt, and, bending low over the breech, he looked clear-eyed through the sights, pulled the trigger, and drove a shot straight into the port-hole on the face of Morro. In quick succession his ship-mates at the other guns, six clean, five-inch rifles, followed his lead. The boom of the huge guns on the flag-ship had awed, but the sound of these rifles was like the music of "Yankee Doodle" played on a snare-drum.

Then came the Indiana, with the solemn thunder of her thirteen-inch volcanoes, to take the place of the flag-ship that, with her stern turret hurling winged death at the fort, was steaming out to sea. Her eight-inch guns took up the cry as well. Indeed every gun of whatever calibre that would reach from either ship was engaged.

Never will an American see hostile guns make a more pleasing spectacle than did the Spanish rifles; for they stood on emplacements from forty to sixty feet above the sea, on the crest of a hill whose lower slopes were green and the upper slopes house covered. The green sea was below and the fleecy trade-wind clouds above and behind them. They gleamed like wicked Spanish eyes and then puffed white, like Spanish cigarette-smoke.

### Pennsylvania Troops Encamped.

THE centre of mobilization for the State troops of Pennsylvania is at Mount Gretna, and the camp there is named after the veteran and gallant soldier, General Hastings, now Governor of the State. It is said that President McKinley's call for volunteers found the national guard of the Key-stone State in better shape for immediate service than the militia of any other section of the Union. It was because of this superiority that the War Department decided to draw on Pennsylvania for supplying in part the quota for the Philippine Islands expedition. The Tenth Regiment, selected for this purpose, has smelled gunpowder before, having been one of the regiments engaged in keeping the peace during the Hazleton riots. Governor Hastings has given his personal attention to the preparation and equipment of his troops, and has apparently infused into them some of his own ardor and energy. They are certain to give a good account of themselves wherever they go.

### Financial Whispers.

[Inquirers who desire an immediate or personal response to their letters should inclose a two-cent stamp.]

ONE of the reasons why the stock-market has been so resiliant, in spite of the war, lies in the fact that financiers anticipate nothing but victory for the United States, and that means that the expenses of the war must be paid by Spain. Our Civil War involved the North and the South in a long and disastrous experience, and for this experience both sections had to pay—the South more than the North. When the war was over, the cost of the war was a dead loss. Every factory that had been burned, every house that had been destroyed, every crop of cotton that had been burned, was a loss, and the loss fell upon us. The South paid no indemnity to the North, and the North asked for no indemnity. The North and the South were broth-

ers who had quarreled, and when they made up they shook hands and agreed to forget the past and to seek to make the future more profitable. With a foreign Power, however, we shall deal differently. To the victor belong the spoils, and whatever our war will cost us must be paid by Spain. I speak now simply of the material cost, for of course the loss of life can never be made good. But this fact stimulates American investors to hold on to their stocks and bonds, and to believe that, whatever the outcome of the present may be, the future is laden with rare promise.

"C. J. S." Rutland, Vermont: "It is absolutely impossible to make a prediction about July wheat, with the market fluctuating, as it is doing at this writing, from ten to thirty points in an hour. Everything depends on whether the erratic course of wheat is due or not to mere speculative maneuvering by one or two men who control the visible supply of wheat, or whether it is due actually to an enormous shortage of the world's supply. Before the publication of this paper the real situation may develop. Wheat at present figures seems high."

"F. K." Detroit: "Union Pacific, Denver and Gulf can be bought on its merit at present figures as confidently as any other low-priced stock on the list. Its friends expect it will go higher, though of course the vicissitudes of war will have something to do with all stocks. Some of the oldest brokers on the Street are picking up the very low-priced stocks, paying for them, and putting them away, expecting a decided rise at the close of the war."

"H. A." Buffalo: "C. B. Greene & Co., 74 Broadway, city, are members of the Consolidated Stock Exchange. Mr. C. B. Greene is the manager, I understand, and his mother is the company. I cannot pass upon the merits of Mr. Greene's scheme for speculating and trading. It is a plan that has himself evolved, I believe, and, like all other plans, it is subject to the vicissitudes of fate."

"C. L. S." Auburn, New York: "Of the list you give, I would prefer to purchase for investment Union Pacific preferred, Atchison preferred, Lead preferred, Tobacco preferred, Western Union, Rock Island, Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, and Metropolitan Street Railroad of New York. As an investment, I like the last mentioned best."

"C. S." Canton, Ohio: "I have no doubt that Western Union will go to par before July 1st, if the war with Spain quickly ends. If the war continues, the general advance can hardly be maintained, and there will be a sharp decline if we meet with any significant reverses, or if Congress fails to promptly furnish 'the sinews of war.'"

JASPER.

already made himself immortal by the original arrangement of this exceptional grill-room. It is not large, and a gem on this very account. There are partitioned sections for cooling lovers and a sumptuous menu to tempt them; and our spirits are further stimulated by the bright-colored furniture peculiar to the happy Swiss pattern and arrangement. Even the man with a torpid liver must smile and enjoy his truly English chop, broiled on the sizzling grill in view. In fact, everybody about here appears happy and neighborly, talks good English, and, above all, the cosmopolitan proprietor, who regards his guests in the light of family friends. There are apartments looking out on the beautiful streamlet which shoots past the walls and into the expansive lake beyond, with picturesque balconies, where one may sit on moonlit nights, play the mandolin or zither, and dream of Arcadia.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

### What Nicotine Really Is.

IN a communication in the current number of the *Scientific American*, Professor John W. Mallet, of the University of Virginia, presents some interesting facts about cigarettes. He says, among other things: "Ignorance of easily-ascertainable scientific facts is, however, common enough, as is often illustrated by the brown, oily material formed in the smoking of tobacco being pointed out as nicotine, though in reality this is merely the tar produced by the action of heat on the woody fibre of the leaf."

"Nicotine when pure is a colorless fluid of somewhat oily consistence and strong, peculiar, penetrating odor, but it darkens on exposure to air and light, becoming first yellow and then brown, so that it looks, in this darkened condition, something like the tarry matter which soils a smoker's fingers, or a handkerchief through which tobacco-smoke is exhaled, or is often noticed as deposited in the stem of a pipe. This tarry deposit has nothing essential in common with nicotine, and contains but traces of this alkaloid, when any at all. A part, but only a small part (about one-seventh in the experiments of Melsens), of the real nicotine of tobacco is volatilized without decomposition; the remainder is burned and destroyed in the process of smoking."

"The sensational statements occasionally made in regard to arsenic, copper, etc., as present in the paper wrappers, would be at once seen to be grossly improbable if it were but remembered that the wrapper of a single cigarette weighs little more than half a grain, and that in such a minute quantity of thin, delicate, white paper there could be introduced but infinitesimal amounts of such foreign adulterants without their presence becoming perceptible to common observation by the senses, aside from the positive scientific evidence that they are not present."

"The simple facts are, that such cigarettes as I have examined, representing a large part of those in general use throughout the United States, are made from pure, light-yellow tobacco of the high grade produced on certain special soils, prominently in certain of the southern counties of Virginia and the adjacent portion of North Carolina, with wrappers of the best quality of harmless vegetable fibre paper, and are entirely free from the adulterants which it has been asserted are present, with no evidence in favor of such assertion, and in absolute contradiction of the scientific evidence actually available."

### The Place Vendôme.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

PARIS, May 18th, 1898.—The itinerant flow toward Europe is now at its apogee. Among the thousands inspired by this impulse are many gourmands who will make a bee-line for the newly-opened *Ritz Hotel*, at the *Place Vendôme*, Paris, chiefly because the most famous living caterer guides the destiny of its culinary department. Marguerite and Laprouse's were famous in their day, but the master-mind of the present, whose brilliant genius gives new birth daily to original and poetic innovations, has eclipsed the French culinary history, and is universally regarded as leader of the profession to-day. A well-known Parisian epicure, describing M. Escoffier's "*Nids d'Hirondelles*," or *Sup de Chinoise*, recently said: "A single spoonful will lap the palate of Elysium, and while one drop of it remains on your tongue each other sense is eclipsed by voluptuous thrilling of the lingual nerve."

"We cater to the individual," said the genial proprietor of the *Ritz Hotel*. "The Ritz restaurant at the *Place Vendôme* is not a feeding establishment, but an epicurean rendezvous intended for refined society who want a poetic service in an atmosphere of refinement. Our arrangements include, as you see, the best supplies even from distant parts—turkeys of Greece fattened on olives, the royal fish of Naples, the char of the lake of Geneva, red trout from the lake near Anderach, crawfish from the Rhine, thrushes from the Rhenish vineyards, chamois from the Simplon, the white truffles of Piedmont, the wild boar of Rome, the *Coquille d'Escrivasse* of Vaucluse, etc., *ad infinitum*." M. Escoffier is the genius who combines these into a rare menu to the delight of our best society, as well as those from abroad.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

### "Can I Speak With You?"

"How," is the title of a well-printed little book of 165 pages, the greatest book of its character of the year. It tells you how to do 150 different things of interest to men, women and children, and will be sent to any one who will cut out this notice from LESLIE'S WEEKLY, and forward it with ten cents in stamps or currency, to the Arkell Publishing Company, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York. "How" is full of just the kind of information that every person wants.

### Uncle Sam and John Bull.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

LUZERN, May 13th, 1898.—These busy crowds now rushing through this interesting country scarcely pause to think how delightful is Luzern,—say! even more charming in the fall. Nature's maturity is then full of strength as it is of development and recuperating health. "It is chiefly in the fall," said an eminent tourist at the *Schweizerhof* yesterday, "that the exhausted body gathers inspiration. Crisp mornings and bracing evenings beget a buoyancy of spirit. It raises courage and animates confidence. The roads are hard, affording every inducement to the strider. You need hardly go beyond the picturesque gardens in front of this hotel to raise an appetite, and if, perchance, you must—the mid-day hours are sufficiently warm, even in October, for a spin on the lake. Nestling in this picturesque basin, at the foot of snow-capped mountains, as it were, is the imposing and imperial *Schweizerhof*, with a sweeping front. In season and out of season Uncle Sam and John Bull, as well as continental aristocracy—all are here, down to Baron Taratarin de Tarascon, with his ferociously-waxed mustache—all come to gather strength and feast at the sumptuous tables of the *Schweizerhof*. It is chiefly in the bracing fall and winter in this mountainous country, with its picturesqueness in nature and human industries, is a splendid appetizer even for the most despondent dyspeptic, and these natural agencies become even more beneficial with the assistance of man, who, as in the present case, has wisely made every provision for the comfort and happiness of invalids and tourists desirous of spending fall and winter in Luzern.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

### BEST BECAUSE NATURAL.

THE market is flooded with so-called baby foods. Experience demonstrates that scientifically-prepared cow's milk is the best, when the natural supply fails. Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food.

### Hospitable Bavaria.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

MUNICH, May 15th, 1898.—In spite of the war at home, our people are fast filling up this Arcadia, but also many English tourists are here. Whether you enter any of the numerous bier-halls, proverbial of Munich, or the *Bayerischer Hof* itself, you are sure to hear English and meet the English-speaking tourist. The average traveler does not hurry through this lovely and artistic country, and least of all will he miss Munich. The very air is charged with contentment, affecting even the least susceptible. We are in Bavaria's lovely capital, and do as the Bavarians, of course.

After the fatigue consequent on sight-seeing we long for substantial sympathy. It is needless to say that the greatest measure of comfort is to be found at Herr Volkhardt's palatial hotel. Although many leagues from New York, we are surrounded by familiar arrangements strongly reminding us of home. Here is a booking-office, ready to check our luggage to Frisco, if we like. The omnibus brings us from and to the station for a trifle: this is an improvement on our hotel system. You can telephone from your room to the head-waiter and order anything—from a lemon-squash to a feast of ten courses. There is an American bar, dispensing fashionable concoctions after the best Hoffman-House style. Nor need you walk the stairs. The lift lands you on the upper flats in as many seconds. No noise disturbs our slumbers in a bed fit for Helen of Troy, and most Munich girls resemble Helen. In short, all you've got to do when at the *Bayerischer Hof* is to breathe, eat, and pay your bill on leaving, and you are certain to class Munich among the choice spots in Europe.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

### An Incomparable View.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

ZURICH, May 10th, 1898.—We are still under the spell of Dame Nature, as can only be seen around the beautiful lake of Zurich; but the inner man appears to remind us of the sumptuous table at the world-famous *Baur au Lac* hotel, which awaits us. Unlike many of its kind, this hotel is greatly artistic. The foyer, facing a large park, commands also a sweeping view on the lake beyond. To the left are cozy dining-rooms with a view to homelike, even clublike, privacy; a treat to the nervous traveler in search of rest. To the left are the equally picturesque drawing-rooms and parlors, chiefly arranged in that happy Swiss style which we have learned to admire and copy. Beyond these is a billiard- and grill-room, most unique in its kind. If Mr. Kraft, its genial proprietor—and, by the way, one of the most large-hearted souls I have ever met—had done nothing more, he has

## THREE MEN WHO MADE THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF THE SPANISH WAR.

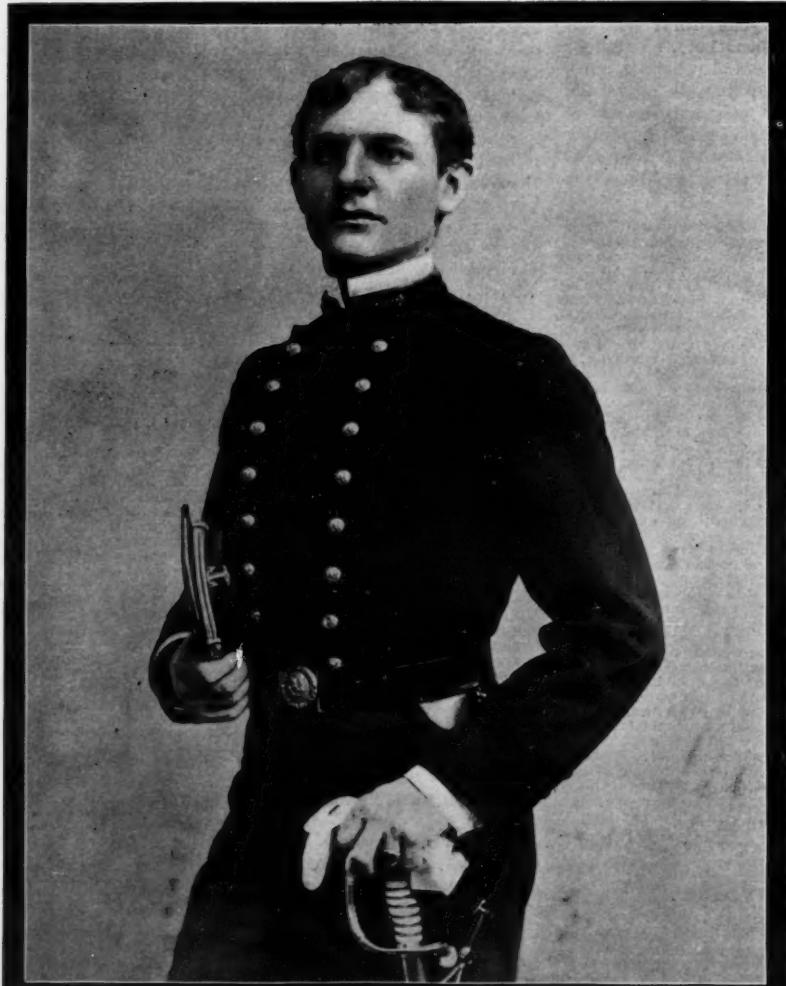
History is being made rapidly these days, and in its pages will appear many names that a year ago were scarcely heard of in the public press. We print herewith the pictures of three notable young men conspicuous for the striking parts they respectively played in the war with Spain. One of these had the rare honor—an honor which can fall to only one man in this great contest—of being the first to offer up his life as a sacrifice on the altar of American patriotism. The funeral of this young man, Ensign Worth Bagley, United States Navy, at Raleigh, May 16th, passes into record as the most memorable in North Carolina's history. The full honors paid a brigadier-general were, by order of the Secretary of War, paid his memory. The presence of all classes of people, the complete reuniting of the bond of union, the blending of the blue and the gray, were beautiful to witness. As a veteran who was in the Confederate service said: "The blood of Bagley has re-baptized the Union, and has once more made 'Old Glory' the flag of us all. As in the Civil War, the first to fall in battle was a North-Carolinian—then Private Henry Wyatt, of Company A, First North Carolina Regiment, at Bethel, Virginia—and now Bagley at Cardenas."



G. T. PETTINGILL, WHO DIRECTED THE FIRING OF THE OPENING SHOT OF THE WAR AT THE BOMBARDMENT OF MATANZAS.



ENSIGN ARTHUR L. WILLARD, UNITED STATES NAVY, OF THE "MACHIAS," WHO WAS FIRST TO PLANT THE AMERICAN FLAG IN CUBA. HE PUT UP "OLD GLORY" OVER A SHATTERED BLOCK-HOUSE AT DIANA BAY, MAY 11TH.



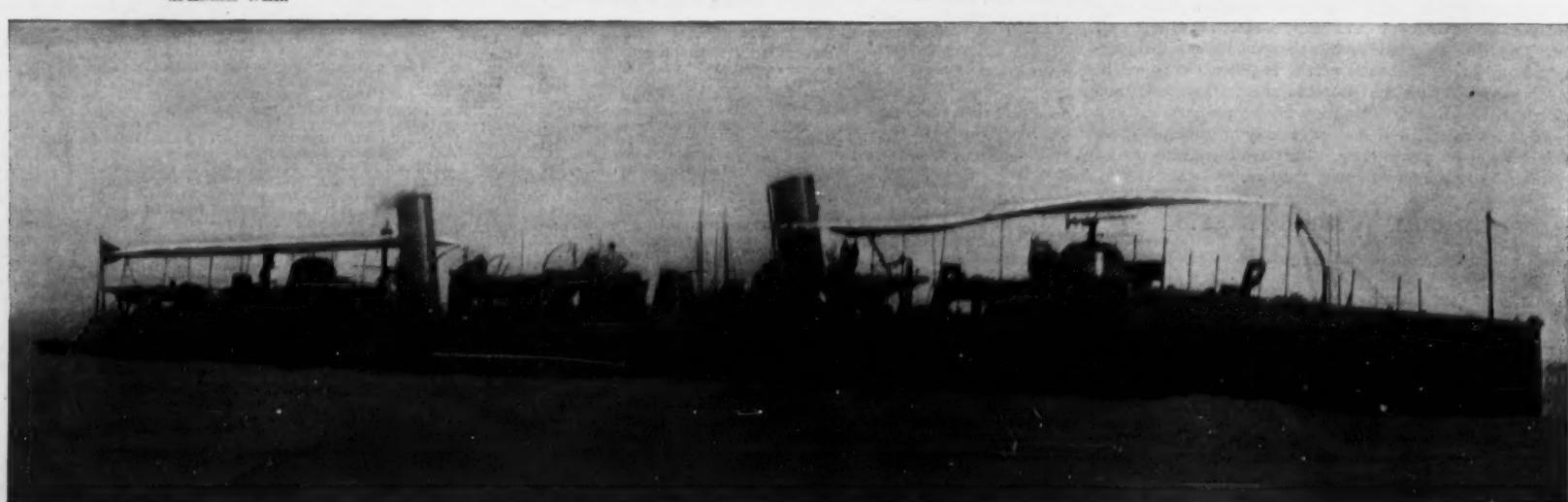
ENSIGN WORTH BAGLEY, UNITED STATES NAVY, KILLED ON THE "WINSLOW," MAY 11TH, 1898, OFF CARDENAS, THE FIRST AMERICAN OFFICER TO FALL IN THE SPANISH WAR.



ENSIGN BAGLEY'S BODY LYING IN STATE IN CAPITOL ROTUNDA, RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA.



DECORATED GRAVE OF ENSIGN BAGLEY—MONUMENT OF HIS GRANDFATHER, GOVERNOR WORTH, ON THE LEFT, AND OF BAGLEY'S FATHER ON THE RIGHT.



TORPEDO-BOAT "WINSLOW," RIDLED BY SPANISH SHOTS, MAY 11TH, 1898.



LESLIE'S WEEKLY.





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COMMANDER OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON, ON THE BRIDGE OF HIS FLAG-SHIP.  
[SEE PAGE 350.]

## REAR-ADMIRAL WILLIAM T. SAMPSON, U. S. N.,

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### One lot at 80c. a yard, regularly \$1

A firm, rich taffeta silk, in seven exquisite evening shades. It has a delicate pattern outlined in pin-dots over fine diagonal satin stripes—three tones of the same color.

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Hair line taffetas, with a bayadere satin stripe, shaded with black; an exceedingly cool, neat, tasteful style, which will impress you at sight. Seven shades.

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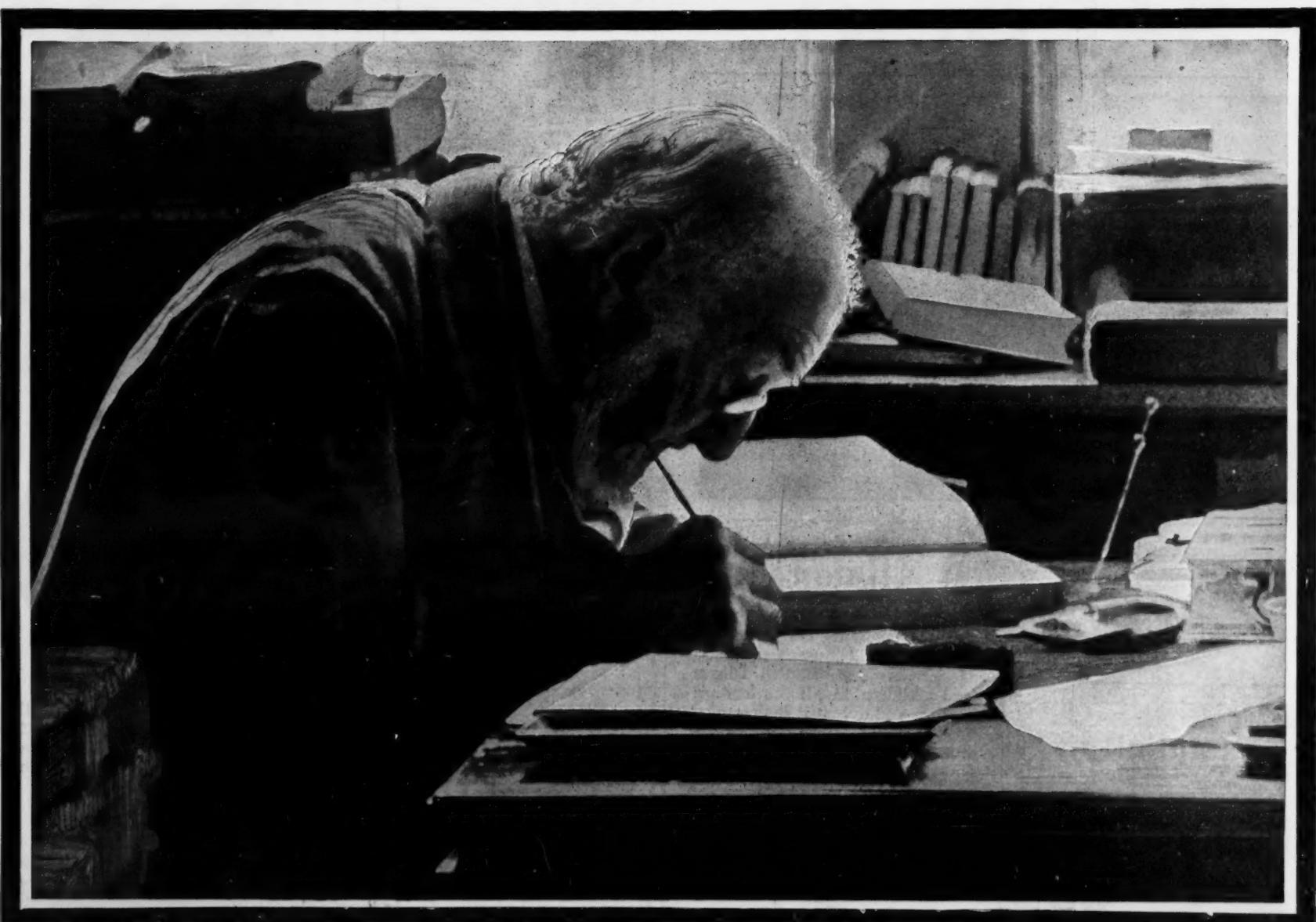
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THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN OF MR. GLADSTONE IN HIS STUDY.—(DIED 5 A.M., MAY 19TH, 1898.)

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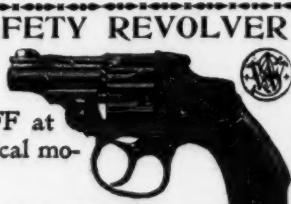


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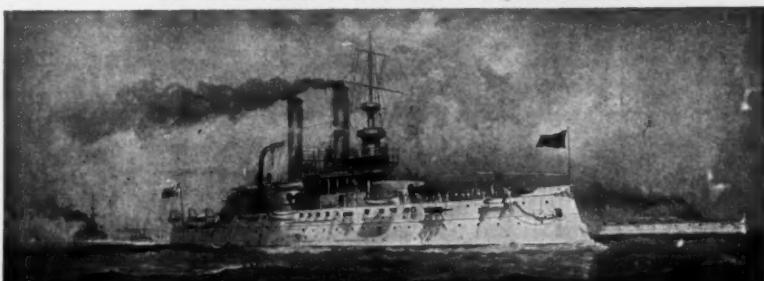
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